

DEATH AND THE POET.

A DREAM of darkness and of dread
 Hath pass'd upon my brain—
 A vision of the past—the dead—
 That ne'er may come again ;
 And there was on my weary heart
 The weight of many years,
 And woes that were the sternest part
 Of all its griefs and fears.

I have not wept—no! I may weep—
 Nor sigh again for aught,
 It was a long and dreary sleep
 Of the heart's inward thought ;
 I saw the frowns of worldly men,
 The scorner and the proud—
 I felt my spirit dark as when
 It first beneath them bow'd.

But hail thee Death! thy bitterness
 And fearful sting are past—
 I feel but now the weariness
 Of one whose lot was cast,
 With curbless heart and reckless mind
 To toil for what he scorns,
 Upon a land where few e'en find
 The rose amid its thorns.

Yet life has been to me the clue
 Of an enchanted grove,
 Where over paths of varied hue,
 We track the bower of love.
 I've seen upon this troublous earth
 At times a heavenly gleam,
 That warn'd the spirit of its birth,
 As in a glorious dream.

I've felt, oh yes! they knew not how
 Who trod this earth with me—
 How deep hath been the kindling glow,
 The bosom's inward glee,
 When thought hath borne itself along,
 A pilgrim of delight,
 And found, like its own realm of song,
 A realm for ever bright.

My lot hath been a lonely one—
 The loneliness of mind,
 That makes us while the heart is young
 Half scorers of our kind ;
 The panting of the soul that yearns
 For love it hath not known,
 The stoic pride of souls that spurn
 At love not like its own,

These have, at times, it may be, shed
 A gloom upon my path,
 Hope—baffled hope—and passion fed,
 The spirit—and its wrath—
 But what my earlier wrongs have been,
 It boots not now to think,
 There was too clear a light within,
 For holier hope to sink.

'Twas well—I have not felt in vain—
 Life's weariness and woe,
 The thoughts that wring the heart with pain,
 None but itself can know,
 Have better taught my soul to dare,
 Its own high path of bliss,
 Unmov'd—unbow'd—unchang'd—to bear,
 Far darker pangs than this.

Oh Death! thou com'st to me as when
Thy step was o'er the tide,
And thou unveild'st thy form to men,
Where He, th' Athenian died;
Or, gentler, when with vigils sweet,
Upon the midnight air,
Thou com'st where chasten'd souls repeat
Their last and cheeriest prayer.

I see the land where hope hath made
Her everlasting rest,
And peace, that was long wont to fade,
Leaves not my soothed breast;
The strains that o'er my slumbers hung,
The forms my pathway crost,
The lov'd in thought—each perish'd one,
The sear'd heart loved, and lost—

They are around me, bright'ning still,
From their ethereal clime,
Not clouded, as before, with ill,
With mortal woe or crime—
And far away with them I track,
Thy deep, unfathom'd sea—
Hail to the hour that calls us back!
Pale Vision, hail to thee!

H. S.

